

*The Historie of*

*Prince.* Fayth, tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstafes* Sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of *England* but he would make you belecue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do the like.

*Cit.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslabber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seauen yeares before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wertaken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, & yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you see these metcors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Liuers, and cold Purfes.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstafse.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

*Fal.* My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and grieve, it blows a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was sir *John Braby* from your Father: you must goo to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the *Diuell* his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

*Poin.* O, *Glendower*.

*Fal.* *Owen, Owen*, the same, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes *Douglas*, that runnes a horse-back vp a hill perpendicular,

*Prin.* Hee that rides at high speed, and with a Pistoll kills a Sparrow flying.

*Fal.*

*Henrie the fourth.*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the Sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

*Prince.* Why what a rascall art thou then, to prayse him so for running?

*Fal.* A horse-backe (ye cuckoe) but a foote hee will not budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew Caps more. *Worcester* is stolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes, you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

*Prin.* Then tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffeting hold, we shall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hobnails, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Masse lad, thou saist true, it is like we shall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible afraid? thou being Heire apparant, could the world picketh thee out three such Enemies againe, as that fiend *Douglas*, that spirit *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Not a whit yfayth: I lacke some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answer.

*Prin.* Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this Chaire shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cathin my Crowne.

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a ioynd Stole, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept. for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Cambises* vaine.

E. 2.

*Prin.*